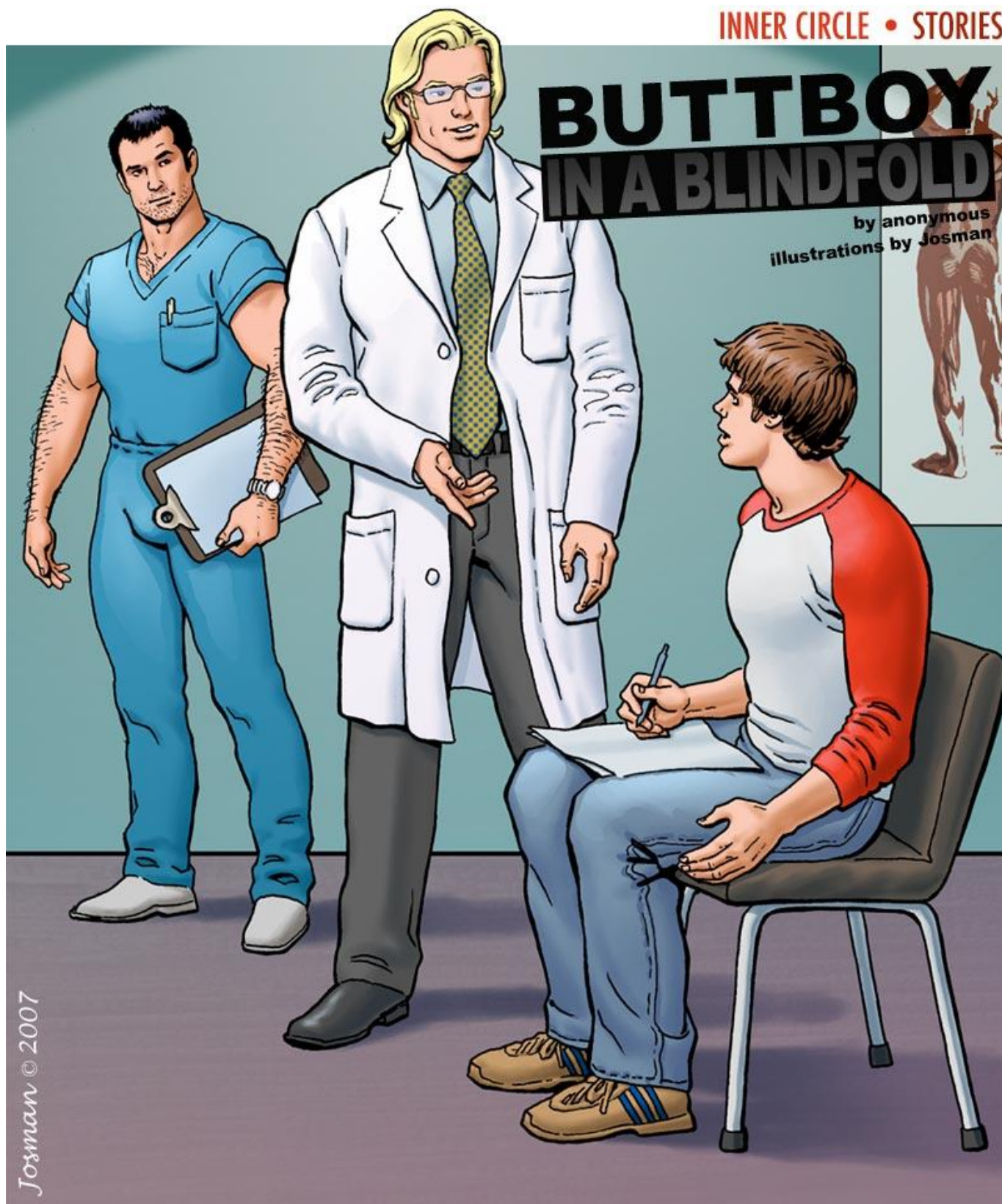


INNER CIRCLE • STORIES

# BUTTBOY IN A BLINDFOLD

by anonymous  
illustrations by Josman



Having banged up my Jeep coming home drunk from the game with my buds, needing some dough quick so I could fix the fender and not have to hear my Dad chew my ass out about soaring insurance premiums, I was about ready to hump it over to Mickey D's and apply for a job flipping cow patties when I came to a full stop in front of the bulletin board at the Student Activity Center.

**Athletes Wanted**, the flyer said in big, bold letters. Well, hey, that was me. I play on the college football team and the baseball team. When I want to relax, I'll pick up a game of b-ball with the buds -- plus swim, jog, lift weights. You name it, I do it. Oh, I go to classes too. But college to me is all about the sports. I even gave up regular underwear and wear a jockstrap now. It saves time in the locker room and it's what I'm most comfortable in, anyway. Males Only, the flyer continued. For a research project. Participants will be paid. \$100 minimum. I didn't need to read any further. I dug my cell out of my backpack.

The number I dialed rang twice. A smooth baritone voice answered. "Human Response Research Center. This is Dr. Sven Carlsen." I gave the doctor my name and was about to mention the flyer when he broke in. "Tell me about your physical dimensions, Tom. We are seeking very fit young men."

"Oh, I'm fit alright!" I ticked off the sports teams I was on. "I'm 5'11", 188 pounds, and have maybe one-fourth of one-percent body fat. And no body hair. Do I make the team, Coach?" He asked me to come in the next day and said the tests might take as long as three hours. "No problem," I lied. I'd be ditching a class, but what the hell! I could always get one of the chicks I was balling to give me the notes -- or do my homework, for that matter. Right now the most important thing was to lay my hands on fast cash!

The office was in a high-rise building downtown. I arrived right on time and walked into what appeared to be an empty office. I rapped on the glazed-glass window and looked through the little hole to see if anyone was behind it. Nothing. Had I gone to the wrong address? No, 20th Floor, Room -- just then a fuzzy figure walked toward me.

The divider slid open. On the other side was a guy with jet black hair and blue hospital scrubs. He was shorter than me, but his build was impressive, showing very hairy arms in his rolled-up half-sleeves -- a gym guy for sure! I liked him immediately. "Tom... Geller?" he said, looking up from his clipboard. I nodded. He looked me up and down steadily -- sized me up is more like it! It felt kind of uncomfortable. He asked me to turn around. Seconds passed. Then to turn back, and when I did I was met by a big, approving smile that made me forget to be nervous.

He opened the door and told me to follow him down the hall. What a muscle stud!, I thought. His ass-cheeks flexed as he led the way. What kind of machines was he using to build up those power-glutes, what weights was he at! Jeez, they were huge -- not that I was perving on him or anything. Girls tell me I've got a nice butt, but this guy's was... well, it was something!

He left me with Dr. Carlsen and closed the door. I guess I notice certain things because my body is so important to me, but Dr. Carlsen had a massive physique in his dress shirt and tie. He had white-blond hair a bit longer than I expected for a doctor but nicely trimmed, and his white lab coat hung open in a casual way. I shook his hand -- powerful grip. No doubt, this guy knew his way around a gym. Though he wore wire-rim glasses and a thoughtful expression, he reminded me of some Viking from a movie, a very smart Viking, but underneath, all Norse muscleman.

He pointed to the chair across from the desk, and when I set down, he gave me one of those Norsemen smiles with about 100 dazzling teeth on display. I looked around the office. "What kind of experiments are you conducting here, Doc?"

"First Tom, I need you to sign this release." He passed over a wad of papers that looked like a contract. The print was small, and I didn't feel like reading it all. "Just your typical legal disclaimer," he told me. "It says you agree to keep our experiments secret. We will be testing some very new and unorthodox equipment on you today." I looked up -- that smile again! The word "unorthodox" had startled me a bit. I figured the tests would be some sort of cardio thing because of the athletic requirement. Now I wasn't so certain. He lifted his hand and finished. "I assure you, it's perfectly safe. We will not hurt you in any way."

Fuck it, I told myself, I needed a fender for that Jeep. I flipped to the back page and signed the bottom line. "What kind of doctor are you?" I asked, passing the papers back to him.

"I'm a proctologist. Do you know what that is? No? Well, my practice deals with the colon, the rectum, the prostate --"

"You mean the butt?"

"That's right, Tom."

"Gee, I don't know. I had one of those butt exams back home once, and I didn't like it -- not at all!"

Dr. Carlsen took off his glasses and fixed me with a level gaze. "Let me tell you a bit about my research." His eyes were so blue, they were almost clear; it made him seem 110 percent honest and trustworthy. "Men's prostates are vital to sexual performance. Regular check-ups are mandatory, especially for men over 40. We are experimenting with men your age to see if we can prevent

problems that may crop up later. I have created devices that make the exam you dislike so much less -- shall we say -- painful. While there may be some minor discomfort, I promise you, Tom, there will be no real pain." I guess I should have asked him where he drew the line between discomfort and "real pain" and how he could generalize that to another person, but those damn honest eyes were so -- I don't know, hypnotic, that I just nodded my head like some dumb mutt!

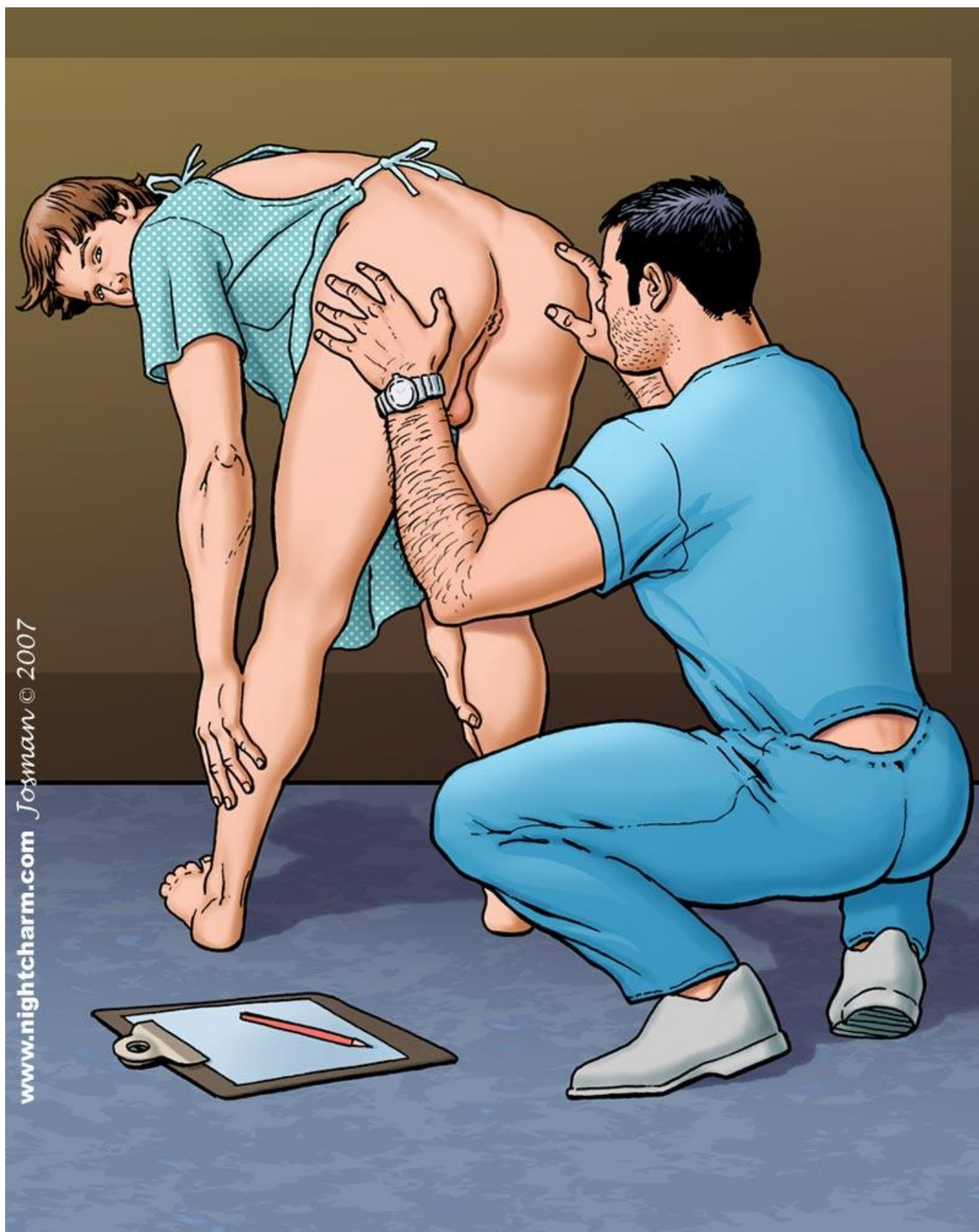
But not so dumb. "How much do I get paid for this? The flyer said 100 dollars was the minimum, what's the -- "

"I promise, you won't be disappointed, Tom." He picked up the phone "Anthony, come get Tom for the preliminary exams." Then he turned to me. "I'll see you in a few minutes."

Anthony led me down the hallway, past empty treatment rooms. In fact, the entire laboratory seemed empty. We entered one of the rooms and Anthony told me to take off my clothes. "I'll be back in a few moments," he said. "You can, if you're feeling modest, put on this smock. But we're the only ones here, so you needn't be self-conscious." I hung my clothes on the hook and decided I did want the lab smock, after all. I put it on backward at first, but soon saw it was one of those that only cover the front of you.

Anthony returned -- that damn gym rat actually looked miffed that I had chosen the gown! Otherwise, he took my blood pressure, temperature, weight and height in a professional manner. "Tom, please bend over so I can see if I need to shave you." He indicated the paper-covered exam bench. Oh fuck, I thought, here it comes! The gown fell open as I bent over and he laughed when he saw the jockstrap. Without a word, he pulled it down. "Shy, Tom?" he asked. "Jocks usually can't wait to show off their... " For a moment it sounded like he was about to say "shit," which is how the buds referred to their dick and balls in the locker room. "Stuff," he finished. "Hairless. Great. No shave today."





www.nightcharm.com Josman © 2007

I heard him sniffing behind me. I thought maybe he was catching a cold or something and looked over my shoulder. "You have a healthy, young musk," he said, looking up, for he was crouched down. "You pass the smell test," he explained. I was glad now I'd taken a shower before I came. "Bend a bit lower,

please." I felt him part my ass-cheeks and his warm breath panting at my hole. It made my balls tingle. "No enema either," he announced. "Clean as a whistle! Now, if you just step out of that jockstrap. Excellent!"

He led me into a big room that looked like a surgical theater. What really creeped me out, though, were the stirrups, gleaming over the operating table. "No need to be alarmed," Dr. Carlsen said as I held my gown shut behind me. "The stirrups help us standardize the position each of the subjects is in when we administer the probes." He indicated the straps on the side of the table. "The straps limit the range of movement, protecting you from injury. It's all very safe." Like Anthony, he was now in blue scrubs, his upper arms fully exposed. Between his huge biceps and Anthony's power-glutes, which were working overtime as he puttered around the room, gathering up chrome utensils, I felt I was about to be examined by two Mr. Universes.

But wait a minute -- probes! I was about to say something when Dr. Carlsen turned on his dazzle smile. Even his damn eyes seemed to sparkle under the fluorescent lights. "Tom, I just want to say at this point that Dr. Romano and I appreciate your willingness to participate in our study. You are a very healthy, fit male. A dream candidate, really."

Aw, shit! I think I blushed. I wasn't going to pussy-out now. Probes, huh? Bring it on, fuckers.

Anthony came up behind me. "Please remove the gown." I felt funny, like maybe my abdominal reps wouldn't measure up in front these two Olympian champs. Anthony saw my hesitation and removed the gown for me, his clunky watch brushing across my bare shoulders, sending a chill down my spine. "It's just the three of us here," he said in a soothing voice, adding. "No one can see us." I climbed up on the table, and the doctors maneuvered me into the stirrups. Soon my legs were elevated and my ass hung wide open at the table's edge. That's when the weird stuff started.

"Tom, secrecy is at the heart of our research. We do not want rumors circulating about these instruments, some of which are quite radical. We do not want descriptions or drawing of them to get out until we introduce them to the public. Therefore..." But before Dr. Carlsen even finished, I felt the blindfold wrap around my head. Anthony pulled the knot tight, completely blocking my sight. All I could see was pitch-black material. Dr. Carlsen's baritone voice came close to my ear. "Just relax," he instructed, as my wrist and arms were strapped down. Instinctively, I began to squirm. "What the -- !"

A warm hand lightly glanced off my nipples before resting on my chest. "Tom, please don't move more than necessary." Anthony was speaking. "The straps are for your safety. The blindfold is for ours. Our probes are the object of intense speculation in the medical community and subject to

corporate espionage." A large strap came across my chest, binding just below the pecs. I was completely at their mercy! I hated being this powerless. Anthony continued smoothly, "In fact, you may be one of the subjects who actually find this examination pleasurable."

Dr. Carlsen's breath was warm against my ear as he spoke in a low voice. "The tests will involve your anus and prostate. Several devices will be used to administer a prostate exam, a very thorough prostate exam, that will diagnose possible problems down the road and perhaps, someday, prevent them. Today, we need to determine which of these probes can be tolerated with the least discomfort. Are you with me so far, Tom?"

I nodded. Cloth rustled nearby and metal clinked. I guess they were setting up the chrome implements I had glimpsed earlier. There was movement at the foot of the table as the section just below my ass was removed. I imagined myself wide open in the stirrups, like a Thanksgiving wishbone! My ass totally accessible to... whatever!

"I will administer the first exam, which involves proper lubrication." Dr. Carlsen's voice came from his standing height. "I'm sure the doctor who checked you out in the past didn't warm his lubricant properly. Nor did he spend sufficient time administering it. The lubricant I will use is slightly anesthetized with a mentholated relaxant. Talk to us, Tom, tell us how everything feels. Your comments will be taken down. Even grunts and sighs will be noted."

Wheels rolled across the floor, then there was movement between my legs. "Tom, I'm now applying the penile halter." Dr. Anthony was talking. "We don't want your testicles to get in the way." I felt a strap bind round my balls and a thrill run up my dick as Anthony placed the shaft over to one side. Uh-oh, I was about to get a stiffy! I forced myself to think about eating liver. I hate liver. That helped.

"I'm in position now, Tom," Dr. Carlsen said from between my legs. "I will insert the first probe. What you're feeling is a viscous substance being applied to your anal aperture. The probe will soon secure suction and manipulate the area. Jets of air may range from hot to cold. Tell us if you feel the change. Don't be alarmed by that mechanical noise. Our engineers are still working out the bugs."

Cool air hit my asshole and it clinched shut. A slippery wet thing touched my balls and I jumped a bit. I had expected cold and metallic -- and why my balls? The thing slid all over the sac, bathing it in moist, warm froth, sliding below my nuts and along the strip leading to my hole. All thoughts of liver deserted me. I was now as hard and high as a flag pole!

"How does this feel?" asked Anthony obliviously, his warm hand on my chest. He was lightly rubbing my nipple, which grew hard against his thumb. But he wasn't talking about the nipple massage because the probe was tracing small circles around my asshole, pulling back, then coming in wetter, with long blasts of warm air that entered the hole and made it tingle.

"Looks like we attached the penile halter just in time," Dr. Carlsen's voice came from the other end. I fumbled for words. "Sorry... I... "

"This?" asked Dr. Anthony, giving my hard dick a swat that made it spring from side to side. "Absolutely healthy and normal. We would have been alarmed if a boy in your top condition did not get full arousal. Ah, there's a drop of pre-come. Let me get that." I felt it wiped away by a moist... it couldn't be a tongue, could it? "This is the equivalent of giving the first device an A+, Tom." Anthony said. "Doctor, I'm measuring the erection with the electro-centrometer. This may tickle a bit."

A thrill shot from my dick right to my ass-bone. "Wow!" was all I could say.

"Wow good? Or wow bad?" asked Dr. Carlsen.

"Wow fucking great, man!" The thing against my hole tapered to a point and now pushed its tip into the entrance. The device began to pulse and heat up as it slid steadily in. This was next accompanied by a gliding motion. "I'm holding you by the pelvis," said Dr. Carlsen from down near the stirrups. "Try not to squirm so much."

But I couldn't help myself. "Ooh, that 's... Do that some more... yeah... alright!"

Anthony's breath was at my ear. "You're doing very well, Tom," he said approvingly. His thumb rubbed my erect nipple and his breath came heavy, but it was hard to concentrate because that thing inside me began to wiggle around in the lube-flooded hole. A sloshing sound filled my ears, and, with it, a throaty gurgling noise that sounded almost... human?





"How does it feel, Thomas?" the voice at my ear whispered. "Talk to us."  
"This," I panted out, "is fucking dope!"  
"That means good," Anthony explained to Dr. Carlsen.

I kept squirming in the stirrups, despite Dr. Carlsen's firm hold on my hips. As the lube thingy pushed and pulled in and out, I tried to lift my hips up to meet it. The feelings were outrageous. A dribble of pre-come fell upon my belly. The device dug in deeper and began really whacking at my hole. "Oh, yeah, doctor, get it right there!" My head rolled from side to side as the hot thingy zigzagged all over the place. My body was about to go crazy! "I'm... I'm... going... "

"Yes, Thomas?" asked Dr. Anthony. I could hear him scribbling on his clipboard. "Where are you going?"

"To come! -- no, don't stop!" But I called out too late because the thing was withdrawn and something new was rolled into place under my ass.

"Ejaculation," Dr. Carlsen said, somewhat out of breath, "is strictly forbidden during this examination. Later, we may give you permission -- or we may not. Remember: you are here to serve science, not to get yourself all sticky with pleasure. You are an athlete, Thomas. Your body obeys your mind. Control yourself."

I didn't know what the hell he was talking about. But I tried. Liver no longer worked, so I thought about super-sizing fries at Mickey D's. In a fucking hairnet! My dick jerked out another drop, and whatever come was building up now slipped down in the other direction. It felt kind of exciting to be in this half-coming state, with the unshot jism tantalizing my ball sack.

"We will now change places," Dr. Carlsen announced. "Dr. Romano will administer the second probe, and I will take notes. See if you can get in there a bit deeper, Anthony. Better tighten his halter as well." The strap around my balls was made tighter which shot my dick out to an enormous size. I felt like it was bulging out like a snake that had just swallowed a mouse.

"We have properly lubricated your rectal cavity," Dr. Carlsen went on. "And now Dr. Romano will test your inner depths." Dr. Carlsen traced a circle around my stiffened nipple as he spoke, sending a chill down my spine that I felt in my asshole. "Dr. Romano will test for elasticity, resilience -- and, of course, the sensations in your prostate will be graded. Anthony is cleaning out the lube now." I felt a finger make wide circles inside me. "Then he will apply a very gentle sucking to your anus." Something small and moist wiggled around my hole, darting in and out like a tadpole. "We call this the Rimster, Tom," Dr. Carlsen's voice came from a great height. "A little invention of Dr. Romano's. You may think you recognize it. It's very life-like."

"Stay relaxed," Anthony ordered from between my legs. My asshole had clenched shut on the wiggly tadpole and somehow he knew about it. The tadpole darted back in and I began to groan.

"Is that a 'good' groan, or a 'bad' groan, Tom?" asked Dr. Carlsen.

"Uhhhghh."

"I'm putting that down as a 'good' groan."

Something new was now at my hole. It was warm and wet, too, but this thing was firmer -- and hard! "Stay relaxed, Tom," Anthony ordered, "the probe is warming up to match your body temperature." With that, the new device pressed against my dilated hole. It was big! Much bigger than the last instrument. I stayed calm as the thing very slowly, very gently stuffed its way inside me. There was pain now but, to my surprise, it was a pain I kind of liked! It made my dick wild, this feeling of being fully packed up to the last centimeter. Something at the end of the device, like a towel of fur, tickled my balls and for some reason I remembered how hairy Anthony's arms were in his rolled-up scrubs. Just before the full length of the probe was inside me, it brushed against something deep in my ass -- something unfuckingbelievable! "Ooh," I sighed.

"Subject sighed upon full insertion," Dr. Carlsen spoke as his pencil softly scribbled. I threw my head back and groaned. "With pleasure," he decided.

Pleasure nothing, I felt drugged from this feeling. "What are you doing to me!" I asked groggily. "Because whatever the fuck it is, do it some more! Oh, yeah!"

"I believe it's making him pant, Dr. Carlsen. Like a dog."

"Check the electro-centrometer, Dr. Romano." I felt my dick being clutched and immediately shot a spurt into the air. "No coming!," Anthony said gruffly, and gripped the shaft tight to stop the onrush. My dick pulsed, but Anthony held on until the hellishly hot come slid back into the base of my balls.

The probe pulled back slightly, then pushed back in. An enormous plunger-like probe, it was, brushing my spot each time, picking up speed. "This," said Anthony in a thick voice, "is the prostate massage. Do you like the prostate massage, Tom? Tell us how much you like the prostate massage."

"I fucking love it!"

"Did you get that, Dr. Carlsen?"

"'I fucking love it,' yes."

Something kept bouncing at the base of my asshole with every thrust and even that felt good! "Can you... " How could I put this. "Can you shove it in harder?"

I heard Dr. Carlsen put down the clipboard. "I'll get behind you, Anthony, and help you crank up the thrust." Soon, the giant probe was plunging in with wicked force and to my total shuddering, shivering depths. "Oh, yeah." I gasped out. "Do whatever you want! Bang it into me! Ram it up me! Do it NOW!"

I lost control. Strapped down, blindfolded and now totally powerless over my own dick. As soon as the first spurt of come jetted out, a slippery, wet



receptacle clamped down on my cockhead. It had a twirling motion that rotated around the head and then ran down the shaft and swirled back up again. "Oh, "I moaned. "When it can't possibly get any better, it does!" I strained up in the stirrups just as my ass muscles clamped down on the massive, throbbing thing in my rectum. It seemed that Anthony was panting along with me, for some weird reason that probably had to do with measurements.

"We are now ready for a semen specimen." Dr. Carlsen said in a thickened voice. "Are you ready to give us a sample of your semen, Tom?"

"Oh yeah... yeah... here it comes!" I groaned as the strap around my balls was unsnapped and I exploded in spurt after spurt after spurt. The probe kept driving into me like a Mack truck, and I kept coming. Spunk splashed against my chin and chest and a drop landed on my lip. I flicked my tongue over it. It was spicy sweet, and I stuck out my tongue to see if I could catch some more. "Keep it up!

"Yes, Tom?"

"You fucking pigs!" And with that the thing that was clamped onto my dick ground sharp little teeth into me and I came in a final shuddering burst.



Afterward when I was dressed and sitting in their office, I felt embarrassed about what I had said. "Don't be," Anthony told me. He was half-sitting on the edge of the desk, his hairy arms folded. Dr. Carlsen was transferring his notes to a printed form in a folder. "We call it Ejaculation Speak." Anthony said matter-of-factly. "We have heard far worse, Tom, and spoken far worse. It's a standard part of the male sexual response." I asked if there were any more tests they wanted to perform on me. Dr. Carlsen glanced up and a look passed between them. "Well, we are looking for beta testers," Dr. Carlsen said. "And you are a dream candidate. It might mean long hours in stirrups, Tom. And tests administered by a whole battery of doctors."

"And I'll be paid for that, right?"

"I'm sure we can get the doctors to all chip in. You may walk away from the event a very rich boy. Certainly you will be richly experienced. You think about it, and if in a day or two you're still interested, we'll set something up."

I didn't open the pay-envelope until I was down in the carport, searching for my banged-up Jeep. There were five 100 dollar bills in the envelope! Wow, that would almost cover the fender. I just stood there for a moment and was about to cram the envelope in my pocket, when a handwritten note fell out.

It was from Anthony. "Tom," it said, "I felt there was a rapport between us. I think you sensed it too. I do some private tests on my own. Strictly volunteer, I'm afraid, and nothing to be shared with Dr. Carlsen. You are a very sensitive, very fit subject, and I would like to take you to the extremes of the male sexual response. Give me a call at this number. It's my cell. Our conversation will be in strictest confidence."

You better believe I would call him. That exam had been the best sex I ever had!

The End